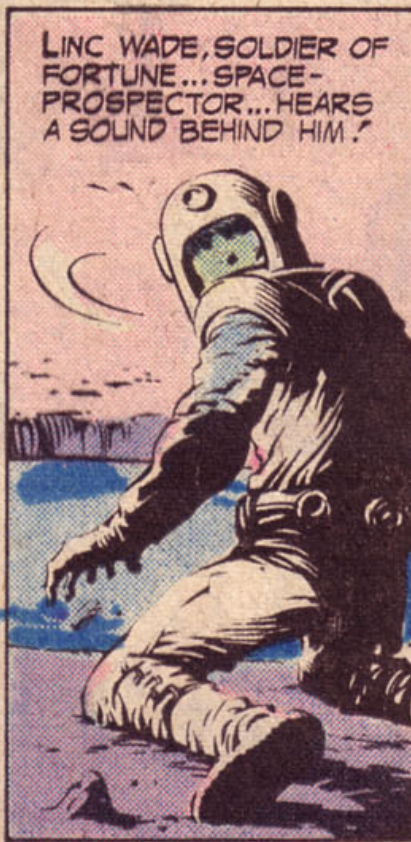
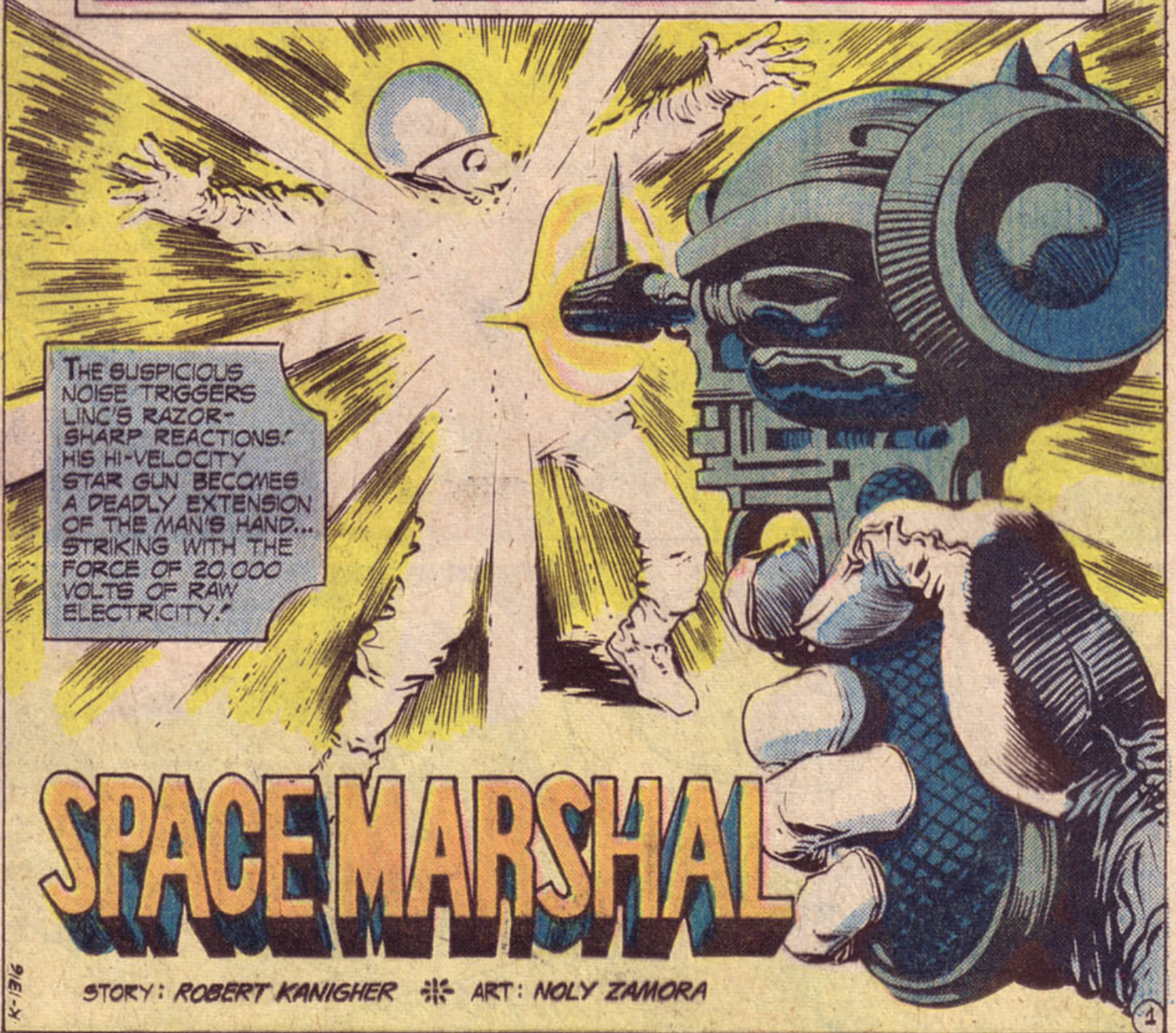
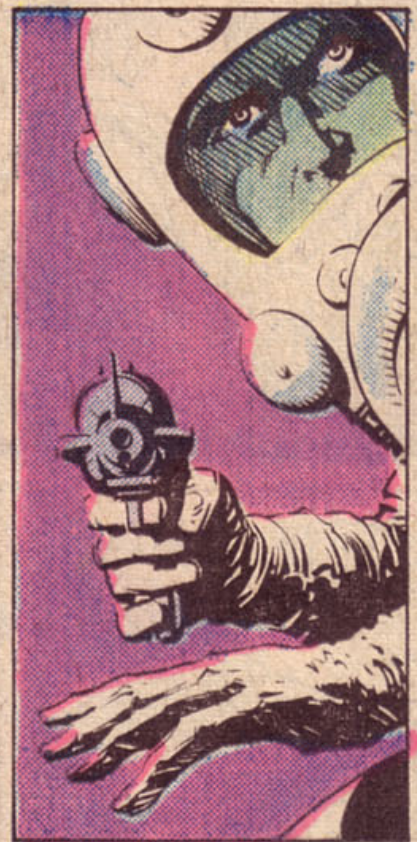




ON THE DESERTED
PLANETOID OF ASTRA
41... A LONE
PROSPECTOR TOILS
IN THE STILLNESS
OF OUTER SPACE...



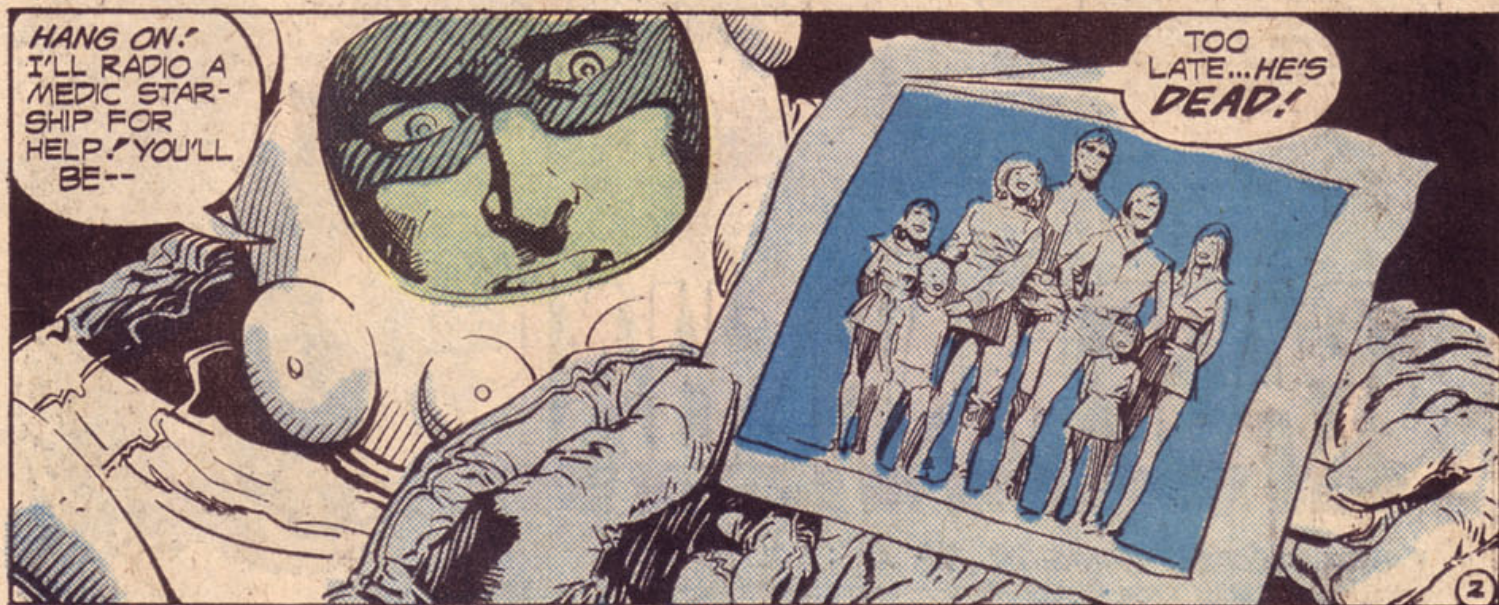
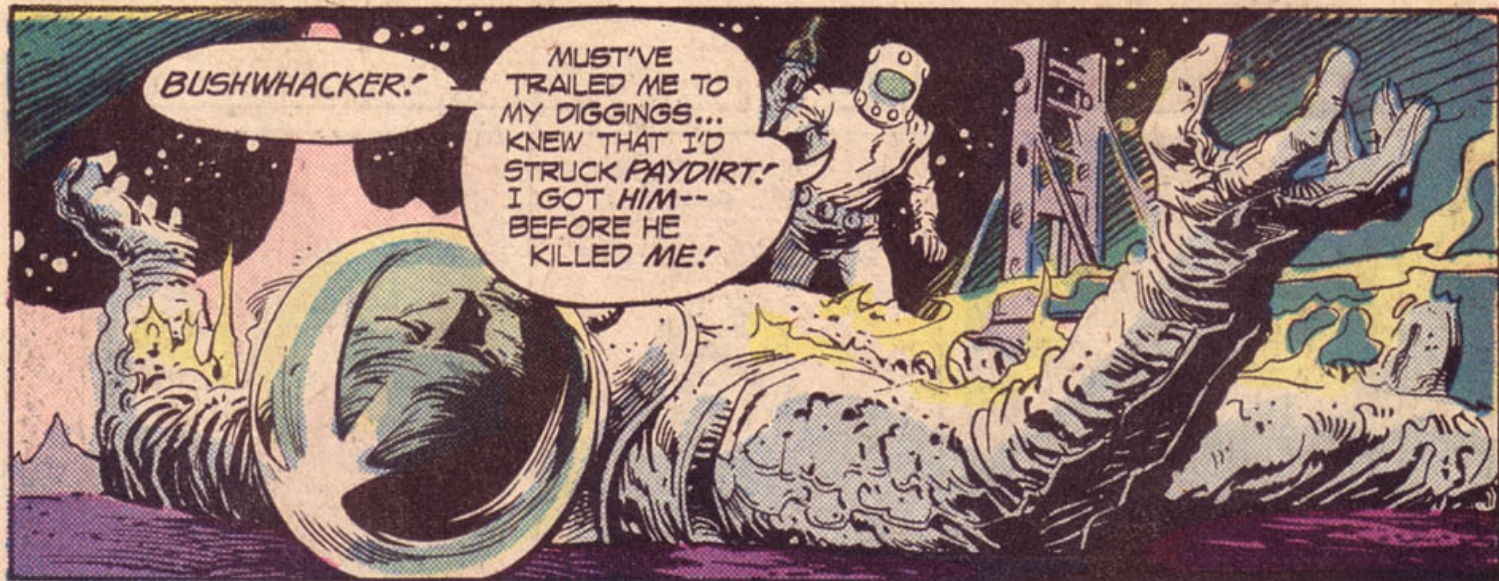
LINC WADE, SOLDIER OF
FORTUNE... SPACE-
PROSPECTOR... HEARS
A SOUND BEHIND HIM!

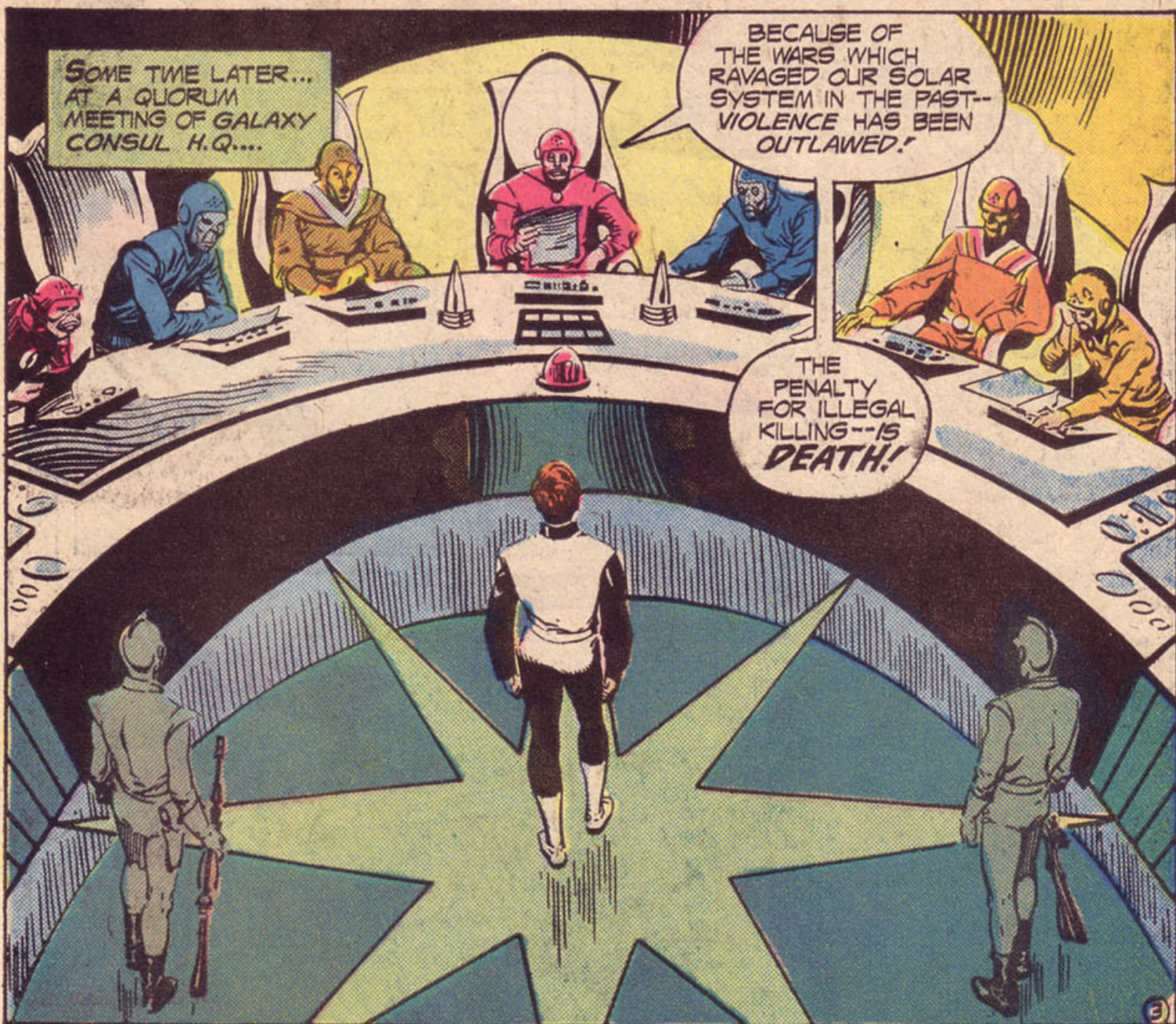


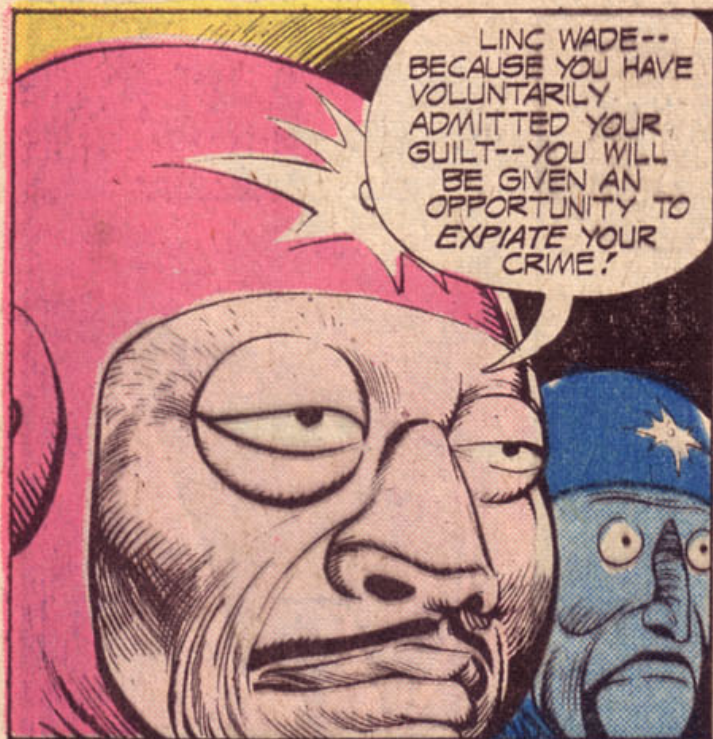
THE SUSPICIOUS
NOISE TRIGGERS
LINC'S RAZOR-
SHARP REACTIONS.
HIS HI-VELOCITY
STAR GUN BECOMES
A DEADLY EXTENSION
OF THE MAN'S HAND...
STRIKING WITH THE
FORCE OF 20,000
VOLTS OF RAW
ELECTRICITY.

SPACE MARSHAL

STORY: ROBERT KANIGHER ✱ ART: NOLY ZAMORA



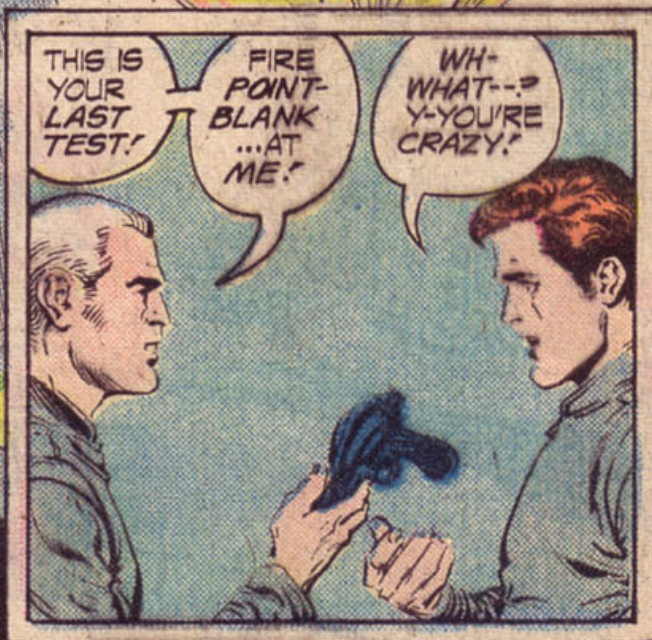




TO BATTLE EVERY FORM OF VIOLENCE WHICH MAY THREATEN THE PEACE IN THE MOST REMOTE REACHES OF OUR GALAXY!

I ACCEPT... GRATEFULLY!

LINC WADE'S GRUELING TRAINING SUBJECTS HIM TO HUNGER... THIRST...EXTREMES OF HEAT AND COLD... THE USE OF HIS HANDS AS LETHAL WEAPONS ON THE GROUND OR IN SPACE!



THIS IS YOUR LAST TEST!

FIRE POINT-BLANK ...AT ME!

WH-WHAT--? Y-YOU'RE CRAZY!



I SAID... FIRE!

CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING.

